SECRET WARS
BATTLEWORLD
BRANDON
FERRIER
CONLEY
FAERBER
POPE
MARVEL
003

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS

BATTLEWORLD

•

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER: VICTOR VON DOOM!

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

• A THOUSAND CUTS •

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SOMEWHERE UNDER BATTLEWORLD...
THE NOISE SEEMS TO COME FROM UNDERNEATH THE WORLD.
WELCOME BACK, SPACETIMERS! YOU'RE HERE WITH MOJO ON MOJO DOT MOJO, THE VOICE OF THE PRECIPICE.
A SCREECH THAT DRAGS OUT LIKE A HOWL.
MOJO MUNCH
FROM THE BEETHOVEN OF BATTLEWORLD, THE MAIN MOJO RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING YOU HE-HULK VS. HULK ESQ., SPIDER-MEN VS. ANT-MEN, CNN VS. MSNBC.
I'VE PRE-BROKEN ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS TODAY AND BROUGHT THE BEST OF THE WORST. PRICKLY AND POISONOUS TO EAT.
MADNESS IN SOUND. SURROUNDING.
THE WOLVERINE. THE MOST DANGEROUS COLLECTION OF CELLS EVER THROWN TOGETHER.
AND THEN A FERAL NOISE, LIKE A CHORUS, DROWNING EVERYTHING.
SNIKT

LOUDER THAN THE SKY.

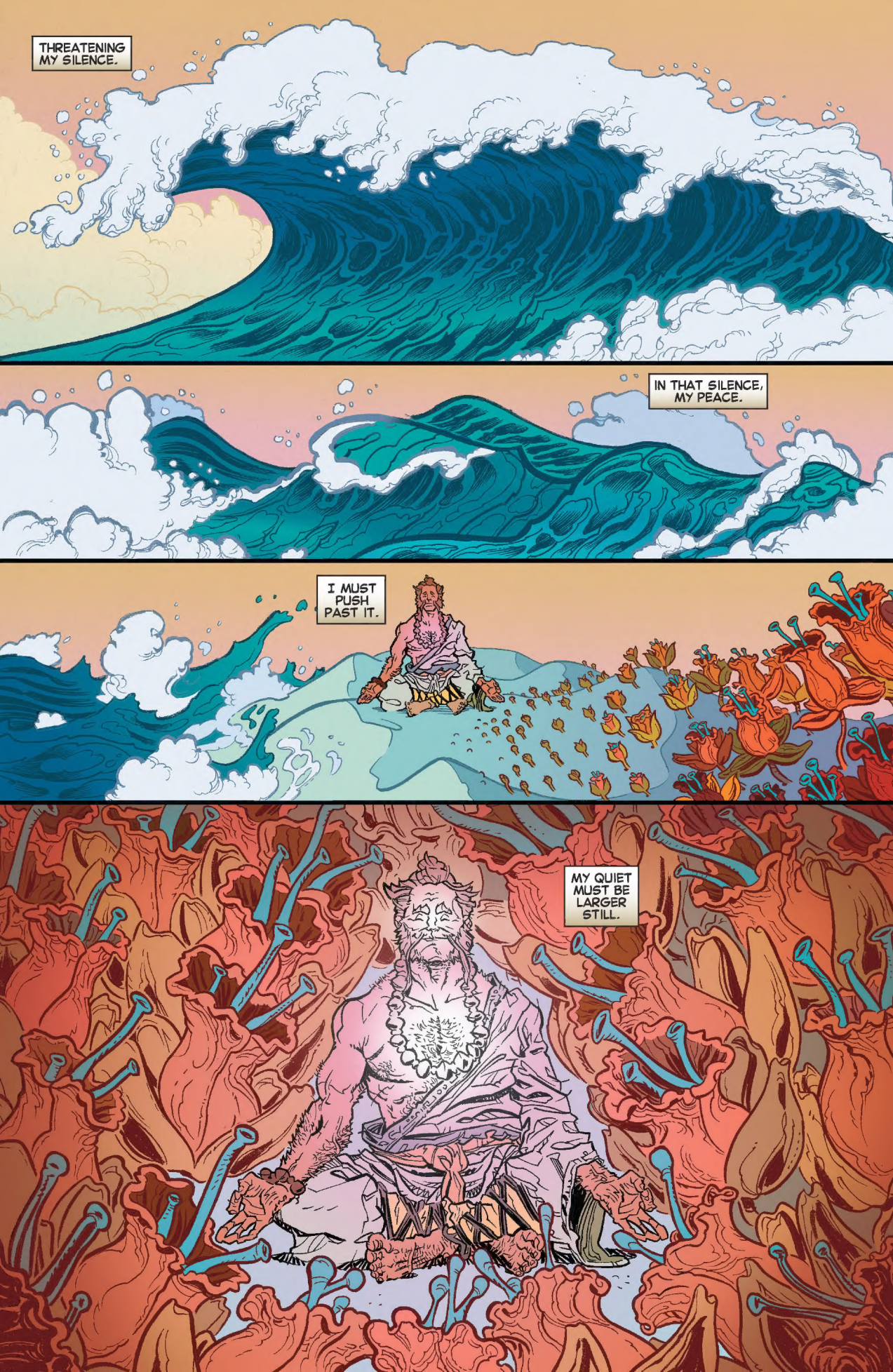
FROM EVERY PART OF BATTLEWORLD, COLLECT THEM ALL!

SHNK

FWASH

OSARM

BROUGHT HERE FOR YOUR EYES, TO MURDER-STAB THEMSELVES INTO THE WORLD'S MOST UNHEALTHY SMOOTHIE.


THREATENING MY SILENCE.
IN THAT SILENCE, MY PEACE.
I MUST PUSH PAST IT.
MY QUIET MUST BE LARGER STILL.

BUT WHAT'S THIS, MY MANGY DEMOGRAPHIC?
I HEAR IT JUST BEHIND ME.
IS THAT A RATTLE OF DEATH?
RISING UP AND AROUND, ENCIRCLING THE QUIET.
Smash
HAS THE UNKILLABLE WOLVERASCAL FINALLY FOUND HIS MURDER SOUL MATE...
...IN HIMSELF?
FALLING LIKE A STORM.

BROTHER? WHAT DARKNESS HAS BEFALLEN YOU?
TH... THIS...
EASY, BROTHER. SOFT.
SHNK
...IS FOR YOU.

HAVE I... WRONGED YOU...BROTHER? IN SOME...LIFE BEFORE THIS?
PUT UP YER HANDS.
I WILL FORGIVE INSTEAD.
WHAT KIND OF WOLVERINE IS THIS? TRAILING HIS OWN BLOOD UP THE HIGH ROAD?
THIS WILL NOT DO, MY MOJITOS.
THIS IS BATTLEWORLD! THESE BOYS CAME HERE FOR BLOOD!
ATTENDANCE IS MANDATORY.

BROTHER, TAKE MY HAND. WHO GAVE YOU THIS PAIN?
HRRRRRRRRRR
WE ARE NOT ENEMIES. WE ARE THE SAME!
FIGHT US! THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE!
SKRASH
KILL!
SKOOSH
SKUSH
SLASH
SLEESH
SLISH
OR ELSE DIE!
I HEAR AN ANGEL'S WINGS ABOVE. I FEEL MY LAST MOMENTS COMING.

AND THEN A FERAL SOUND, LIKE A CHORUS, DROWNING EVERYTHING.
CLOSE IN, YOU MONSTERS! BRING CHAOS! BRING THE WORLD DOWN ON HIS HEAD!
RAISE 'EM UP!
STAND UP AN' DRAW, YOU YELLA MISTAKE!
LET'S SEE THEM TEETH!
LOUDER THAN SKY.

LOUDER THAN LIFE ITSELF.
END.

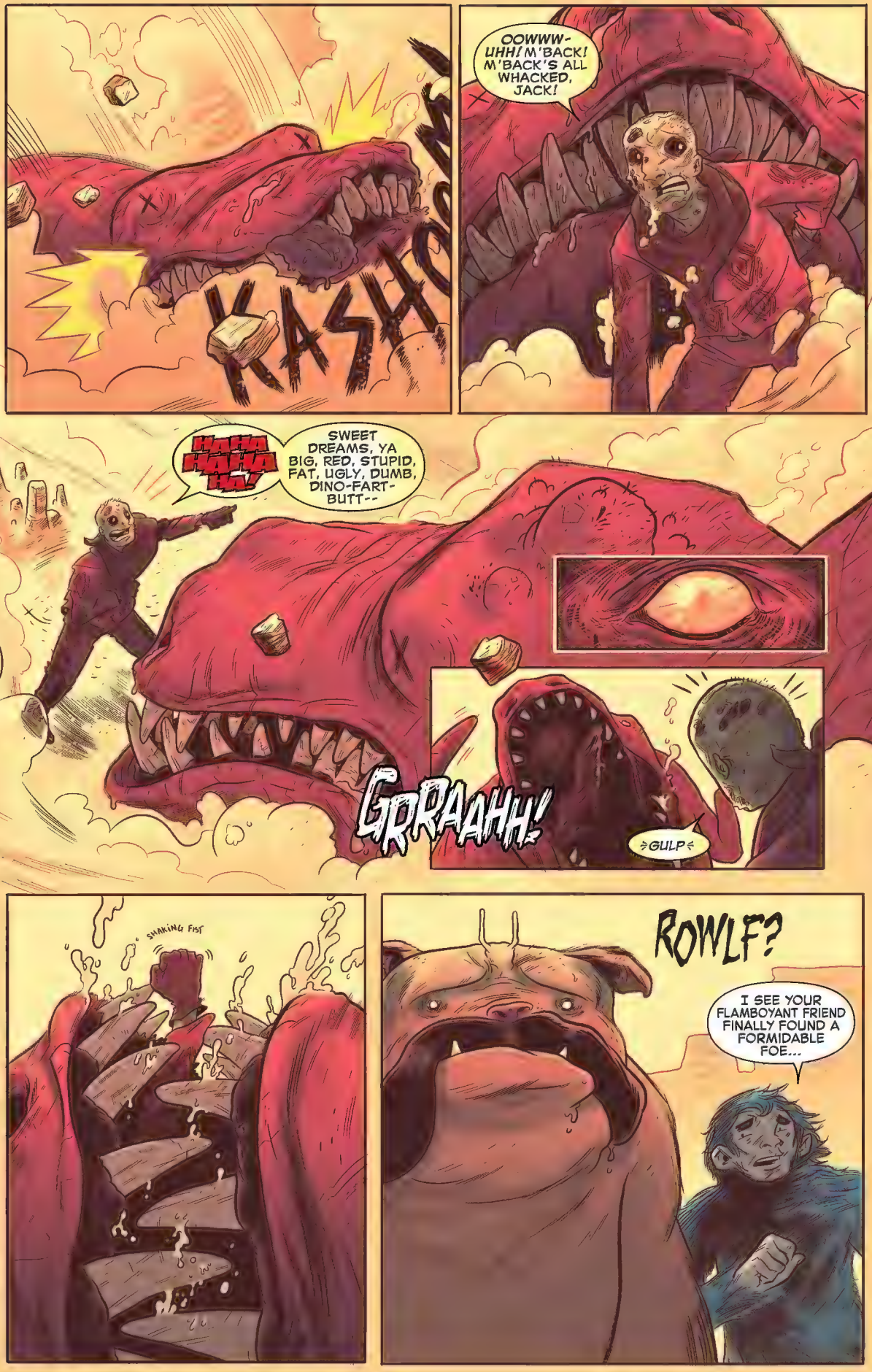
THEY CALL THIS HERE PLACE THE "VALLEY OF FLAME." A DRY HEAT. IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.
CAW!
CAW!
CAW!
MIGHT AS WELL CALL IT "VALLEY OF FRY-AN-EGG-ON-MY-FACE," THAT'S HOW DAMN HOT IT IS.
MMM. EGGS.
NAME'S DEADPOOL. Y'ALL KNOW ME. KNOW HOW I MAKE A LIVIN'. THIS HEFTY HUNK OF HORSE POOCH I'M RIDIN' GOES BY "LOCKJAW."
huff
huff
YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT IF YOU SAW HOW MUCH "SWEAT FLAPS" HERE EATS. DAD-GUM DOG'S STEALIN' ALL M'MEALS.
MIGHT AS WELL BE RIDIN' A SLUG. S'WHY I NEEDS ME A NEW STEED, PRONTO. SOMETHIN' WITH A LITTLE MORE... PIZZAZZLE.
C'MON, YA HEAP! ¡ANDALE!
WHAP!
I'VE BEEN TRACKING A NEW RIDE FOR SOME TIME. MY WHITE WHALE.
MY BIG-ASS RED TYRANNOSAURUS.
WE'RE CLOSE. REAL DANG CLOSE. I CAN TASTE IT.
MMM. DIRT.
I'M ACOMIN' FOR YA. AND WHEN I DO...
...I'M GONNA RIDE YER BUTT LIKE A 25-CENT GROCERY STORE ROCKET SHIP.

WOOF!
THERE HE IS. COME TO DADDY.
YEAH, PAPA WANNA DINO-HORSEY!
SO BIG. SO RIDEABLE.
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!
SO DINO.
ALMOST... ALMOST...
CLICK!
YAHH!
YOU DARE CROSS DEVIL DINOSAUR'S PATH?!
AHH! GET OFFA ME, YA PUNKY MONKEY!
KSH!
donk!
NOT THE FACE NOT THE FACE NOT THE FACE--
AWWW HECK.
HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, ISN'T HE?

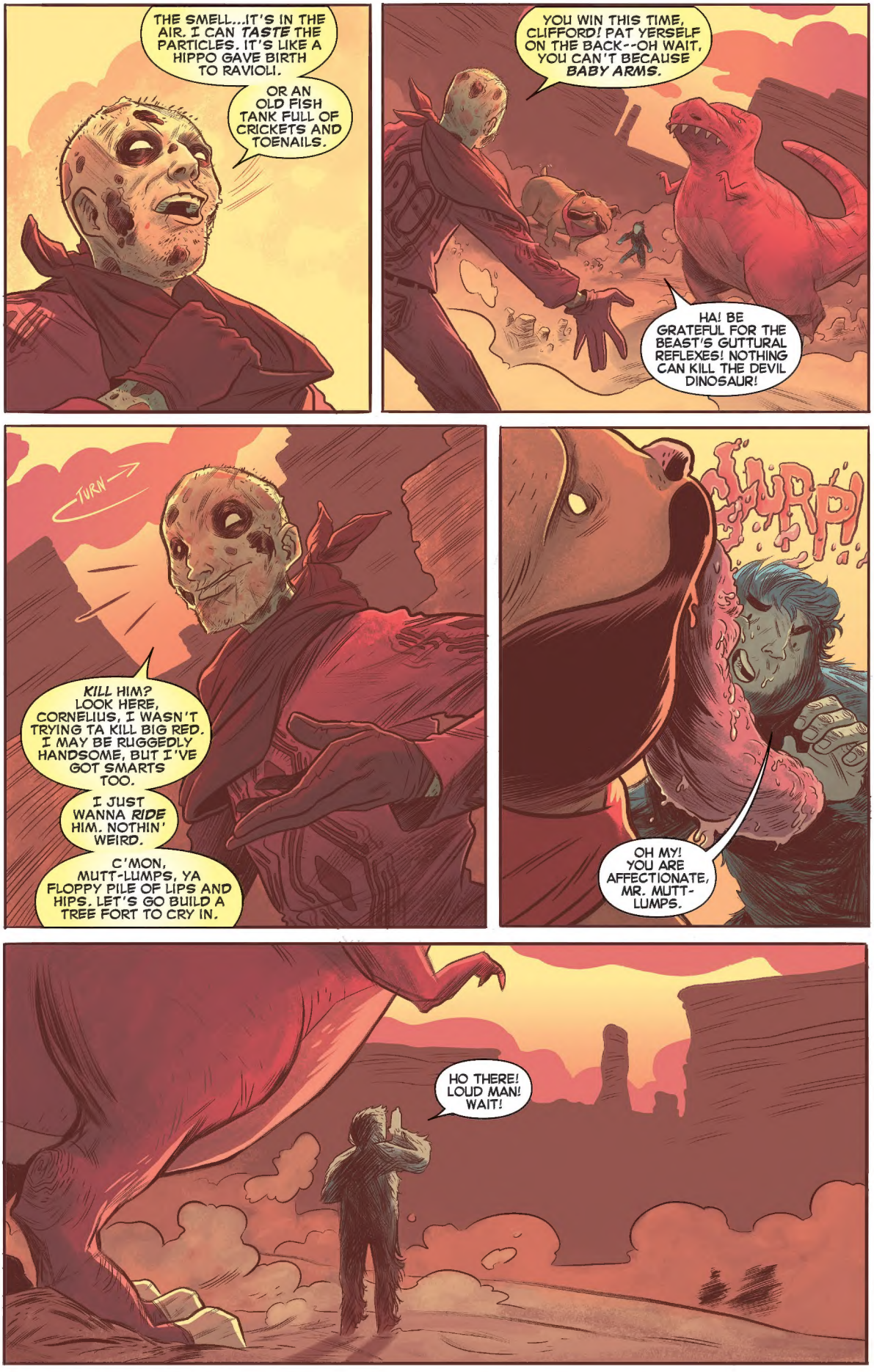
I HAVE THE NEED. THE NEED TO STEED.
ROAR!
THAT WAS A LITTLE TOOTH CLOSE!
SNAP!
DINO'S GOT A "RUNNY NOSE." HA!
SO, IT'S JUST THE THREE OF US.
THE GOOD...
...THE BAD...
...AND THE AIRBORNE!
KRRRRAAAA!!!
HAPPY TRAILS, CHIM-CHIM!

YESSS! FINALLY!
YIPPEE KI-YAY, MISTER FALCON!
NO! GO AWAY! YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S HORSE!
BAD, SWEAT FLAPS! VERY BAD!
HUFF!
HUFF!
HUFF!
CHOMP!
GGGRRRAAAHHH!
GGGRRRAAAVITY!
THOMP
THOMP
THOMP
YABBA DABBA DON'T!

WOAH! HEEL, BOY!
YER GONNA MUCK UP M'DANG SUIT!
LOCKJAW, YA OVERGROWN FART FACTORY! STOP THIS THING!
BA-WOOF!
CH-CH-CH-CHOMP
HURK!
GGGRRRAAAPHYSICS!


KASH
OOWWW-UHH! M'BACK! M'BACK'S ALL WHACKED, JACK!
HAHA HAHA HA!
SWEET DREAMS, YA BIG, RED, STUPID, FAT, UGLY, DUMB, DINO-FART-BUTT--
GRRAAHH!
GULP
SHAKING FIST
ROWLF?
I SEE YOUR FLAMBOYANT FRIEND FINALLY FOUND A FORMIDABLE FOE...

URK?
HACK!
CHOFF!
UGHHH OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD...!
WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SO HOT IN THERE? GAG
THAT WAS EASILY THE THIRD OR FOURTH NASTIEST THING I'VE EVER DONE.
I'VE WITNESSED THE DEVIL DINOSAUR CONSUME MANY A FLESH, BUT NONE HAVE TASTED SO PUTRID TO MAKE HIS INDOMITABLE PALATE REJECT IT.
YOUR COMPANION MUST BE TRULY AWFUL TO THE SENSES.


THE SMELL...IT'S IN THE AIR. I CAN *TASTE* THE PARTICLES. IT'S LIKE A HIPPO GAVE BIRTH TO RAVIOLI.
OR AN OLD FISH TANK FULL OF CRICKETS AND TOENAILS.
YOU WIN THIS TIME, CLIFFORD! PAT YERSELF ON THE BACK--OH WAIT, YOU CAN'T BECAUSE *BABY ARMS.*
HA! BE GRATEFUL FOR THE BEAST'S GUTTURAL REFLEXES! NOTHING CAN KILL THE DEVIL DINOSAUR!
TURN
KILL HIM? LOOK HERE, CORNELIUS, I WASN'T TRYING TA KILL BIG RED. I MAY BE RUGGEDLY HANDSOME, BUT I'VE GOT SMARTS TOO.
I JUST WANNA *RIDE* HIM. NOTHIN' WEIRD.
C'MON, MUTT-LUMPS, YA FLOPPY PILE OF LIPS AND HIPS. LET'S GO BUILD A TREE FORT TO CRY IN.
SLURP!
OH MY! YOU ARE AFFECTIONATE, MR. MUTT-LUMPS.
HO THERE! LOUD MAN! WAIT!

THOUGH YOUR NATURAL ODOR IS FOUL AND YOUR VOICE INCESSANT, YOU'VE SHOWN AN UNCANNY SIMILARITY TO MY COMPANION AND ME.
SMOLDERING GOOD LOOKS AND A GREAT FASHION SENSE?
YOU DON'T DIE. WE ARE THE SAME.
HURRR.
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT, DEVIL. YOU ALWAYS ARE.
SHOULD WE TRAVERSE THIS DEADLY LAND TOGETHER, THERE'S NO LIMIT TO OUR SURVIVAL. WHAT SAY YOU, LOUD MAN AND... THUNDER-CHUNKS?
"LOCKJAW." AN' HE'S A GOT-DANG LOYAL HORSE IF THERE EVER WAS ONE.
POINT!
WHADDAYA SAY, MEAT FLAPS? SHALL WE JOIN OL' DINO DUDE AND MONKEY KID HERE?
WHEFF!
I GOTTA TELL YA, MOON-BOY, THIS DINO'S ONE HELLUVA SWEET RIDE. SMOOTH. MIGHTY EASY ON THE GLUTES, TOO.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND MOST OF WHAT YOU SPEAK. YOU ARE VERY CONFUSING. WILL YOU ALWAYS TALK THIS MUCH?
YEAH, I RECKON YOU'LL LEARN TA LOVE IT.
THE END!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS: WORLD WAR ANT!

THEY'RE RIGHT ABOUT YOU, O'GRADY. YOU'RE A JERK. YOU DON'T DESERVE THAT SUIT. IT'S MINE.
OH PUH-LEASE, PYM, YOU'RE JUST THE HAS-BEEN, POOR-MAN'S, SENIORS' VERSION OF ME!
ALWAYS HAVE TO LET YOUR EGO DO THE DRIVING, DON'T YOU?
SAYS "MR. IMPULSE CONTROL" HIMSELF. NAH. I DON'T PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS.
COME ON, O'GRADY... I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS...
I DO. BRING IT, OLDIE OLD!
HUH?
UGH, I KNEW THIS SUIT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME--
PYM? HEY, PYM! O'GRADY? WHERE ARE YOU--
SKRCH
OH. OHHH NO. OH GEEZ.
THE END?